

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



How Speaker Clark Attended a G. O. P. Dinner

WASHINGTON.—Through a comedy of errors, Champ Clark, speaker of the house, recently became one of the guests of honor at a dinner given by Representative B. M. Chipfield of Illinois to his veteran colleagues, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. It was intended to be strictly a Republican affair, and the 25 guests, other than Mr. Clark, were all members of that party.

Mr. Clark, an unexpected, but nevertheless welcome, guest, appeared suddenly at the dinner. He had a good time, and so did the others. How he became a part of the gathering, as told by himself, proved to be one of the most amusing after-dinner speeches he ever told.

It appears that Speaker Clark and Mr. Chipfield are members of the same college fraternity—the Phi Kappa Psi—and were to be guests at a dinner given by the members of that organization in Washington. Mr. Clark suddenly recalled the dinner, and, having misplaced his engagement book, bethought him that the dinner was that evening. Summoning his chauffeur, he hastily drove to Rauscher's, dismissed his car, and walked up to the dining-room floor. The only function he could discover was a ball, at which members of congress were conspicuous by their absence.

Then the speaker hastened to the Willard, supposing that the dinner must be there. But no, it wasn't. Mr. Clark then returned home to renew the search for his engagement book. Here he told his dilemma to Bennett, his son and parliamentary clerk of the house.

"That's easy," said Bennett. "That dinner is wherever Jim Mann is. Why not call up Mrs. Mann. She ought to know where her husband is."

Mrs. Mann did know. Mr. Mann was at dinner at the Army and Navy club, and that, of course, was where the Phi Kappa Psi banquet was then, surely.

So down to the club the speaker drove hastily, inquiring as he entered where "the dinner" was being given. The clerk said it was on the fourth floor, and without a doubt the speaker bent his steps thither.

The first sign of misgiving penetrated his mind as Mr. Clark caught a glimpse of the diners through the door, which stood partially open. He began to think he had made some egregious blunder and would have pulled back, when at that moment Mr. Chipfield, catching sight of him, shouted his name and every Republican present joined in bringing in the speaker.

Vice President's Stories Worry Senate Chaplain

VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn toilers, he is apt to have a half-suppressed little smile on his face, and Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. He lights a cigar and smokes as he receives any callers that drop in. A few minutes before the noon hour the callers thin out, and the chaplain comes to be in readiness to accompany the vice president into the senate chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous, and the sergeant at arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice president is going to reach his seat in due season. It would not do at all to have the senate open a minute late.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point of his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.

"I think," said Prettyman one morning after a particularly amusing little yarn by Marshall, "that after this I'll keep out of your way and just study the weather map out in the next room until time to go in."

Mint and Treasury Relics Put on Exhibition

VARIOUS activities of the United States mint and of the office of the treasurer of the United States are illustrated in an exhibit of twelve cases recently set up in the north corridor of the treasury building. The display represents the most interesting part of the exhibit of the treasury department shown at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

Included in the cases are presidential medals struck off by the mint; coins, planchets and bars of gold, indicating stages of the processes of making gold money; keys of the safes and vaults of the treasury used from 1774 to the day of the advent of safe combination and time locks; mutilated currency redeemed, and a number of warrants for big payments made out of the treasury or on treasury order.

The warrant for the largest amount is for \$140,000,000 on account of the public debt. Others are for \$40,000,000 in payment for the Panama canal, \$10,000,000 for the Canal zone, \$20,000,000 for the Philippines and \$200,000 paying General Lafayette for his military services to the colonies during the Revolutionary war. With the warrants is a transfer order directing the transfer of \$40,000,000 from the Denver mint to the subtreasury in New York city.

Another interesting feature of the display is the mutilated bills that through expert examination have been identified and redeemed.

"Spooning" All Right in Parks of Washington

"SPOONING," while not recognized by that generic term, is permitted in the parks of Washington just as it is in Pittsburgh, where the chief of police confesses he does not know what "spooning" is, and intends fostering it.

Col. W. W. Harts, superintendent of buildings and grounds, when informed that Pittsburgh's chief of police had extended a general invitation to all lovers to "spoon" in the Smoky City parks, said:

"We do not know what 'spooning' is here, but the parks of Washington are open to lovers, sweethearts, beaux, and belles, and others under the spell of the tender emotion."

"There is no regulation prohibiting love-making in Washington parks. These parks are for the beautification of the city and the recreation and enjoyment of its inhabitants. Benches laden with lovers cannot but contribute to the beautification plan, and what more human and delightful recreation is there to be found than love-making?"

Realizing that "in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns," Colonel Harts has installed 1,000 additional benches in the parks of Washington. As adjutant to General Cupid, he believes he has done his full duty. There are no restrictions on the use of the national capital's parks by lovers, provided, says Colonel Harts, "their recreation and happiness does not interfere with the enjoyment of the parks by others."

According to an Italian physician love causes an intoxication of the nervous centers, producing a disease that, if not cured, may lead to neurasthenia and even insanity.

For smaller cities and towns a recently devised fire alarm employs an enlarged and more than usually powerful automobile horn, electrically operated, to sound signals.

OUR NATION'S BIGGEST "MELTING POT"

MAKING good American citizens of the vast number of immigrants who've come to the United States, and of their children, is a big problem, especially in our cities. This article tells how Chicago—where there is a foreign population of nearly a million—is using a great public school in solving the problem.

By Thyra Sander Winslow

WHAT is the United States going to do with its great immigrant population? How are we going to make loyal, useful American citizens of the horde of foreigners that have come to us in the last few years? Are we going to shut the gates against the entry of more of them until we can "digest" into our national body those now here?

These questions are very important. They are making many intelligent Americans do some hard thinking these days. The problem didn't amount to much as long as the bulk of immigration came from western Europe—from Germany, England, Ireland, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark. In fact, America sorely needed these sturdy folk, who came here to be one with us under the Stars and Stripes.

But of late years most of the immigration has been from Russia, Italy, eastern Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey—and the Lord only knows where else. In this country they generally herd in city settlements, for the most part a dirty, ignorant burden to city communities. They don't "mix" with us. They don't become a part of our citizenship. Their traditions and ideals and conceptions of the American social order are not ours. They're a sort of indigestible lump in our gizzard.

Cities Tackle Job. Almost with the bravery of despair the larger cities—New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Rochester, where low-class immigrants are especially heavy in numbers—have set out to perform the task of making citizens of this unpromising material. The public schools are the most useful instruments for the purpose at hand.

Our city schools are becoming great "melting pots" for all races and creeds. Our small cities, our towns and our rural stretches do not have to face this great problem's solution directly, but the general welfare of the nation depends on how well the cities meet the task. We are, and we should be, interested, encouraging onlookers.

This is really a story about the work being done in one big high school in Chicago, a city with a very large foreign population. In one grade school room there are children of seventeen distinct nationalities. Just consider the task of making good, patriotic Americans of all of them—Japanese, Chinese, Turks and the rest. It's being done, though. And there's a hint in this story of what we can do to make our local schools more useful to us than they are.

Real Melting Pot. The real melting pot of Chicago is situated less than a mile from the city's business center. It is a melting pot that takes boys and girls, old men and young women representing twenty nationalities and turns them from lonesome, bewildered strangers into useful, ambitious citizens. It teaches them everything from trades to dancing, from wood-turning to wireless telegraphy. The melting pot is Lane Technical school, the most remarkable of all Chicago's public schools and one of the most wonderful schools in the world. It has a teaching staff of more than a hundred and fifty, more than eighty classrooms and about eight thousand pupils, with the largest night school in the world.

Lane teaches almost every subject imaginable, from the sixth grade of grammar school to the second year of college. It teaches steam and electrical engineering, carpentry and agriculture. It teaches salesmanship and advertising. It teaches stenography, bookkeeping and designing. It teaches hundreds of other useful subjects. And, of course, every subject at Lane is free. Lane teaches, too, the love of work, how to make friends and how to find a place in the world.

Instead of opening at nine and closing at four, as the majority of schools do, Lane is open all day and all evening. It opens at eight in the morning. At 3:30 it starts special training for trades apprentices.

Night Student Classes. From 5:30 to 9:30, the night students take possession. Nearly all of the night students are employed at hundreds of different occupations during the day, but, though they are tired after their day's work, they seize the opportunities at Lane to learn new languages, new trades or to fit themselves for higher wages in the trades at which they work during the day.

There is a class in metallurgy for foundry foremen, courses in automobile engineering and reinforced concrete. There is a valuable class, too, to which young men may go if they are in doubt as to which trade or profession they would be best suited. The vocational class prevents square pegs in round holes. Expert psychologists question the members of the class and advise them as to their future.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is Lane's advice to seekers for knowledge. If several men or women want to study some subject that is not included in the regular courses they sign a petition and a new class, under expert instruction, is started. Some of the new classes are Journalism, copper work and automobile construction. Last year, advertising and Spanish were new subjects, but this year they take their places as regular classes.

Opportunities for Girls. For the girl who works during the day, Lane proves especially inviting and valuable. It is hard to get acquainted in a city. A young man can go out alone at night. A girl, busy all day, has little time to make friends. It is pretty lonesome to spend evening after evening alone in a little room. It isn't necessary in Chicago, for Lane is ready to take care of lonesome girls, to give them a pleasant time and valuable instruction.

Three evenings each week the big gymnasium is

FRENCHMAN OF HIGH MILITARY POSITION.

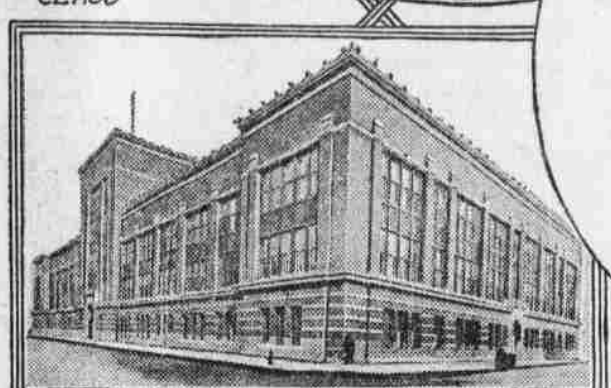
Gen. Pierre Auguste Roques, the new French minister of war, succeeding General Gallieni, was, until his promotion, commandant of the army of the Vosges, which has of late given a good account of itself. Recently he was awarded the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor. He was formerly inspector general of the air service and is recognized as an authority on matters of military aviation.

IF MONEY TALKS.

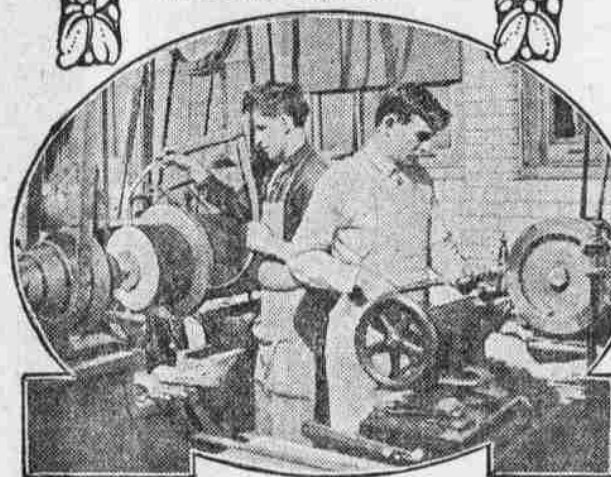
"Pa, what is 'Ave at Vale'?"
"About all my salary ever says to me, my son."



A DRESSMAKING CLASS



THE LANE SCHOOL



PATTERN MAKING

turned over to the girls. Clad in neat middie blouses and comfortable bloomers, several hundred girls and older women, too, are taught graceful folk dances, games and drills. But that isn't all—the girls are taught modern dances as well. To the accompaniment of music and under the directions of a skilled teacher of dancing, the girls are taught the one-step, the fox-trot and other modern ballroom dances.

The girls have a chance to practice the dances, for one night each week there is a big dance at Lane, which hundreds of students attend. The dances are under the supervision of principal and teachers, and these social evenings do much toward strengthening Lane's school spirit. Lane is a real social center.

They Learn to Sew.

Dancing is not the only thing offered to girls at the night school. There are classes in hand and machine sewing. In the use of patterns and in fitting and designing. Young women make dresses, suits and party frocks, both for themselves and others. They learn to make hats, too, designing the hat, making the frame, covering it and trimming the hat.

The Lane publications are things of which both students and faculty are proud, for the Lane Tech Daily is the only daily newspaper in the United States that is both published and printed by students of a high school. Members of the Journalism class write the news for the daily, others edit it, still others set type, make up the paper and run the presses. The Daily keeps the pupils posted on all school news. The pupils of the evening school issue an eight-page weekly paper, the Lane Tech News. Any pupil at Lane may write for the News or the Daily.

For pupils with literary ambitions, there is the Lane Tech Prep, a monthly magazine, full of short stories, essays and even plays.

For the Backward Boys.

Lane's pre-vocational department is one of its most successful features. In every city, there are boys of fifteen, sixteen or seventeen, who, because of sickness, financial conditions or change of residence, have been backward in their classes. Usually these boys drop out of school and go to work, poorly prepared to enter into competition with other boys. The pre-vocational department is especially for the boys who are delinquent in the grade schools. It gives the "motor type" of boy an opportunity to make up his work. Instead of being in a grade school among the little fellows, among whom he feels ashamed, he is part of a big high school with boys his own age. His interest is awakened by being allowed to do things—he is taught technical shop work and usually leaves school capable of earning an honorable livelihood.

The laboratories at Lane are well equipped. There are three, the biological, physical and chemical. Aquariums, with large collections of fish, frogs, snails and turtles interest some students. There is a wireless telegraph outfit, electric light testing machines, an X-ray outfit, a model dynamo and motors. Boys who come to Lane without definite ambitions, soon find just the things to interest and develop them.

Interesting Shop Work.

The shops at Lane have proved interesting to educators all over the world. In the wood shops there are examples of the work of the students:

A YOUTHFUL CRITIC.

He was a ten-year-old and he went to see Forbes-Robertson. This is what he said: "Say, sis, Shakespeare's just like the guy that wrote 'Confessions of a Wife.' When he gets tired of a character, he kills her off." Ain't it the truth?—Louisville Herald.

SHARP LOOKOUT.

"Have you been looking out for work, my good man?"
"Oh, yes, 'm."
"And haven't found any yet?"
"Yes'm, but I've managed to dodge it."



WILLIAM J. BOGAN PRINCIPAL

Mahogany and mission furniture, lamp stands and shades, desks, bookcases and library tables. Carpentry students make portable cottages and garages. In the electric shop are toasters, flatirons, fans and wireless instruments, all the work of boys.

Although primarily a technical school, art is not neglected. From free-hand drawing and drawing from live models, the student may take up architecture and designing. Later, he may do metal work and construct buckles, fobs, rings and bracelets.

Because, for years, high-school students were in the habit of bringing indigestible lunches to school, or, worse still, spending their money on pickles and ice cream, Lane has installed a model cafeteria, where, at cost, the boys can get hot, appetizing lunches.

Although it is a most businesslike school, there is time for play, too. A coach directs football, track and baseball teams. Each year, too, there are two amateur plays. Four performances of each are given and several thousand dollars added to the school fund. There are orchestras and bands, too, composed of the musical students at Lane. On Sunday there are amateur and professional band concerts, attended not only by students and people who live near by, but by people who come miles to listen to good music.

Thirty Helpful Clubs.

Over thirty clubs help the social side of the school. Nearly all of them are open to any student who is interested, for Lane is absolutely democratic in spirit. Some of the clubs are the Wireless club, the Mathematics club, the Debating club, the Camera club, the Dramatic club, the Sketch club, the German club, the Economics club, the Skating club and the Civics Industrial club.

Lane is not just for poor people. Some of the students arrive in their automobiles. A famous interior decorator is taking a course at Lane which will teach him about enameling woods, something he could not learn anywhere else in Chicago. A sculptor is taking a course in forging, because it will help him in the molding and casting of statues. Artistic women are learning how to make hand-wrought silver. But, in spite of this, the most popular students are those who are working their way through school. The majority of Lane boys, in fact, are working their way.

Students Who Work.

Under the direction of William J. Bogan, principal of Lane and noted educator, a man who understands youths, hundreds of positions are obtained for boys who must work for their board and clothing. These positions range from ushers in movie shows to workers in electric shops. All of them teach the boys to be self-reliant and independent and most of them are along the line of work that the boy wishes to take up when he has left school.

To young and old Lane high school offers hundreds of opportunities. Servians, Germans, Russians, Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos in Chicago are gaining there a real national spirit and a real education. Hundreds of Americans are obtaining knowledge that will lead them to better positions and higher earnings. The school motto is "There is no royal road to learning, but there is an open Lane," and the thousands who attend prove that they are anxious to take advantage of the "open Lane."

FROM OUR NEW DICTIONARY.

Patriot—A man who bleeds for the benefit of his country.

Politician—A man who bleeds his country for his own benefit.

Widow—A female of the species who usually believes she is an example of the survival of the fittest.—Indianapolis Star.

HARKING AWAY BACK.

"Know much about ancient history?"
"Not a great deal," answered the man who lives by the day, "but I can remember when Anna Held was an ingenue."

DUE TO MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"Why are children so much worse than they used to be?"

"I attribute it to improved ideas in building."
"How so?"
"Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof."—Life.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Supreme Court Justice (in gymnasium).—Fix me up in good shape, Donovan; I've got to address the lawyers' club this evening.
Instructor (smiling).—Want to practice chin-lifting the bar?—Fack.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription of Cuticura—double strength—guaranteed to remove these nasty spots. Simply get an ounce of Cuticura—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is wisdom that more than one woman is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Cuticura, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

TRY DARKENING YOUR GRAY HAIR WITHOUT DYES

Shampoo your hair and scalp each morning for about a week with Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer. If your hair is gray, streaked with gray, prematurely gray or faded, brittle, thin or falling, all your hair will then be beautifully darkened and to such a natural, even dark shade no one would suspect that you had applied Q-Ban. Q-Ban is no dye, perfectly harmless, but makes all your hair soft, fluffy, thick, with that lustrous dark shimmer which makes your hair so fascinating. Big bottle sent prepaid or sold by druggists for 50c. Address Q-Ban Laboratories, Memphis, Tenn.—Adv.

It's not advisable for leap-year girls to make haste slowly if he has other strings to his bow.

CUTICURA COMFORTS BABY

Suffering From Itching, Burning Rashes, Eczema, etc. Trial Free.

Give baby a bath with hot water and Cuticura Soap, using plenty of Soap. Dry lightly and apply Cuticura Ointment gently to all affected parts. Instant relief follows and baby falls into a refreshing sleep, the first perhaps in weeks. Nothing more effective. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A London hospital supports a motorcycle ambulance for dogs and other small animals.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteful form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

The only way to beat a man at his own game is to let him think he's fooling you.

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.—Adv.

Sarcasm.

"He's a lucky chap."
"Yes, indeed. He always manages to be awake when opportunity calls."

Asking Too Much for It. "Do you advocate peace at any price, Mr. Dubwaite?"

"I do not," replied the eminent pacifist. "Then I have misunderstood your attitude."

"So you have, sir. There is a disposition nowadays to make the price of peace prohibitive."

Crafty Nature.

"Nobody seems to know just where our congressman stands on preparedness."

"Can't you tell by the way he votes?"

"No. You see, he's a politician first and a patriot afterward."

Came by It Naturally.

Mattie was telling a story that was not quite true to fact, and her mother interrupted her.

"Who told you that, Mattie?" she asked.

Mattie was confounded for half a minute, and then she drew herself up and said in a very dignified way: "I think you will have to take my word for it, mother," in such clever imitation of her father, that her mother could not scold her as she intended to do.

GLASS OF WATER

Upset Her.

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs.

Sometime ago a young woman who lives in Me. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach and kidney trouble.

"There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once."

"The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts as I breakfast and supper and like it better every day."

"Considering that I could stand only a short time, and that a glass of water seemed so heavy; I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts has been everything to me and that my return to health is due to it."

"I have told several friends having nervous or stomach trouble what Grape-Nuts did for me and in every case they speak highly of the food."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.